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JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIV. NO. 631. SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1918. TWOPENCE.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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Boric Acid, Alum, Permanganate of Potash, Oatmeal, Oil of Wintergreen.

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Salicylic Acid, Extract Indian Hemp, Prepared Rubber Plaster.

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Cascara, Nux Vomica, Belladonna, and Gentian.

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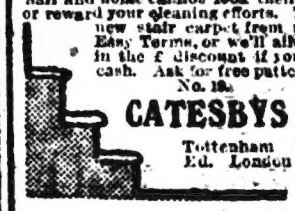

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Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXIV. No. 631. **Week ending Saturday, July 6th, 1918.** **Twopence.**

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Hoch, Hoch, Foch!

Can it really be that the tide has turned, and that *Foch* is about to reply to Kuhlmann? If so, we suggest that our lads should shout that little heading into the German trenches—making the words rhyme.

Mr. Asquith.

What are the largest odds you will offer against Mr. Asquith joining the Government at an early date? If he does, his proper place is clearly on the Woolsack.

The General Election.

Unless everything goes wrong with the war, it is the intention of the Government to "appeal to the country" as soon as ever the new register is completed—probably in a few months' time. The Prime Minister has no intention of missing the opportunity of a "khaki" election.

Surgeon-General Babtie.

We understand that this notorious Medical Incompetent is contemplating an action for libel against one of our contemporaries. Why should he leave *us* out?

***Our* Action.**

By the way, speaking of libel actions, we hope that our own, against the publisher of that pamphlet, "Horatio Bottomley Exposed," will come on for trial within the next week or ten days.

Those Enemy Princes.

Excuse our mentioning it again—but why are the Dukes of Albany and Cumberland still British Peers, with seats in the House of Lords?

Another Query.

And why, by the way, was Prince Victor of Thurn and Taxis, after being arrested at Gibraltar, allowed to return to Austria to fight against us?

"The End of the War."

Lord Edmund Talbot proposes to move for the appointment of a Select Committee to define the meaning of the phrase "the end of the war." Why not refer the point to Foch?

To the Tower!

Surely that is the place for Mr. Outhwaite, M.P., who dares to retort to the declaration of M. Clemenceau—"I am an old man"—thus: "To the old men of the world the war has been a belated debauch; the torrential flow from the arteries of youth has brought to them a transient rejuvenescence, *known alike to the practitioner in vice and to the student of sexual science.*" Shoot the hound!

The Madsen Gun.

Strange rumours reach us about the recent "trial"—but the gun is coming all the same.

Spanish Propaganda.

Some Britons in Spain wrote to the Ministry of Information for a supply of propaganda literature and got it—*all in English!* Perhaps Lord Beaverbrook will look into this.

Well Done, Eastbourne!

Congratulations to the Eastbourne Council on its refusal to employ German labour. A nasty knock for the Government Department which made the suggestion.

German Munitioners!

No, thank you—if you *don't* mind, Mr. Home Secretary! We'll have no German prisoners working on munitions—*unless you guarantee the shells to explode in course of manufacture!*

Man Power.

The Government is not distinguishing itself in its method of dealing with this question. Shift and shuffle as they may, Ministers will never get away from their pledge that old men in England should not be called up till the young ones in Ireland were taken.

Workers' Recreation.

Resolutions reach us from munition works all over the country asking for a weekly afternoon's racing, and pledging themselves to put in their very best work in return for the concession. Why not give it them—without railway facilities?

Welcome.

The *Saturday Review* wishes *it*, instead of the *New Statesman*, had said that our interest in the Cities of the Plain (apropos of "the 47,000") will turn us into a pillar of salt a thousand years before it turns us into a pillar of Society. Our brother is welcome to its regret.

German Banks.

So sure are foreign bankers that after the war the money held by our Public Trustee, taken from German banks here, will be returned, that they are advertising, in Switzerland and Holland, offering to advance the owners up to three quarters of the amount at 10 per cent. per annum.

Mrs. Pankhurst.

Apropos of our recent inquiry as to whether Mrs. Pankhurst is in Government employment, in connection with her present visit to America, we are given to understand that she represents the Women's Party only, and that she has no Government credentials. All the more credit to her for undertaking that mission.

Germans on Tribunals.

Many readers call our attention to the fact that there are German-born members of some of the Military Tribunals. That won't do at all.

The Pope and Ourselves.

We have no intention of being dragged into controversy over this matter. What we have said, we have said—and having said it, we have nothing to add or to retract.

Mysterious Courts-Martial.

There is an air—and a very unsavoury air—of mystery about certain Courts-Martial now being held on Absentee Privates. It is said that a grave scandal lurks behind.

"Come On, Japan."

"Russia is readier than ever to take part in any movement to drive out the Germans. The difficulty is one of access. *The only power with access to Russia is Japan.*" Now, President Wilson—take the hint.

Prayers—and Ships.

Sir Joseph Maclay, the Shipping Controller, has just published a "Book of Prayer for family worship"—and he strongly urges the encouragement of family worship. Good—but we hope he won't forget the ships.

"My Hat!"

We have heard an interesting story of how the wholesale hat manufacturers have spoofed the authorities over the matter of the importation of "straw plates." Perhaps the Government "Expert" will inquire about the importation of "hempen" plates.

The Y.M.C.A. Appeal.

It is pointed out to us that in the appeal for its Prisoners of War Fund it is not stated by the Y.M.C.A. whether the fund is for British or German prisoners. And, incidentally, many readers are curious as to the remuneration of Sir A. Yapp and his colleagues.

When, Indeed!

Many of the Mons boys are asking us when the Government is going to present them with their 1914 star. And here is what one of them says: "Never a piece of ribbon for the Old 'Contempts' . . . we have to pay 3d. an inch for it." Come, Mac—wake up Lord Milner!

Some Mistake?

Surely there is some mistake about that advertisement in the *Yokohama* (Japan) *Chamber of Commerce Journal* of the Yokohama Bakery described as "Purveyors to British, American, German, and French men of war"? How do the loaves and biscuits get up the Kiel Canal?

The Favoured "Object."

An "Object" was recently fined at Tower Bridge Court for distributing defeatist "literature" at an aircraft factory. To relieve the guilty one of his financial burden, subscription lists have been sent round some Affiliated Shops, worded so as to disguise the thing's real sentiments. Men who subscribed in the belief they were benefiting a victimised workmate have angrily demanded their money back—unsuccessfully, we hear.

Berwick's Herrings.

A steamer used to run into Berwick to collect fish, but for some reason or other it was withdrawn. Berwick is one of the biggest herring-curing centres in Great Britain; fish is now plentiful in northern waters, and much needed as a food all over the country—and yet we hear of hundreds of crans of herrings being dumped overboard in Berwick Harbour for no other reason than that there is no transport for them.

Beardmore's Blarney.

Sir William Beardmore should cultivate a sense of humour. His Clyde workmen will only laugh at him if he tells the Select Committee on Premium Bonds that "the masses are making too much money and are wasting it in every conceivable way. . . . . My own workmen are acquiring most extravagant habits" and so on; while Lady Beardmore at the Coulter Mains sale buys tapestries to the value of over £4,000, paying £1,350 for "two superb old Brussels panels" alone. What extravagant scoundrels these workmen are!

Landmarks.

A lady who thought she would like to get busy on the land applied recently to the Farm and Garden Union for a job. As a result of her application she received this offer: "Fruit Farm in North Cambs. A group of 8, including a cook housekeeper. Workers are under the supervision of foreman. Bedsteads and bedding are provided. Workers supply cups, plates, knives, forks, spoons, blankets and towels. Work: Field work and fruit picking. Wages, 18s. weekly. Workers pay 15s. for board." Not an unhealthy occupation for feminine philanthropists; none without a private income need apply.

Doles for the Dead.

As we recently mentioned in the case of the Pearl Office the poor dear Insurance Companies are managing to struggle along. Of course, they have to be careful, and ordinary rules are in abeyance. For instance, if you hold a "profits" policy with the Provident Mutual Life Assurance Association, you will get no bonus this year, unless you can see your way to die; but in that tragic event you will be treated as handsomely as though there were no war on. If you persist in living, however, you will get nothing; although "members may look forward to the future with the greatest confidence." That's something, anyway.

A Call to Heaven.

In an "Appeal for the Widows and Orphans of the Connemara Fishermen" in the *Pretty Polly*, sunk by a Germhun submarine off the coast of Ireland, Father M. McHugh, the Parish Priest of Carna, Co. Galway, denounces the authors of the crime as "cruel butchers," and says "no more brutal crime has been committed since the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and no crime that more loudly calls to Heaven for vengeance." Let us hope it will call. Meanwhile we shall be interested to learn whether Father McHugh is calling for Army recruits in order to lend a hand to Heaven.

The Long Trail.

A Royal Navy advertisement of an "open examination for entry of third writers and victuallers"—26 vacancies in all—announces that "It is to be particularly noted that entries are *only* being made for 12 years' service, and *not for duration of war.*" The English language could have served the official scribe a better turn than this. He neither says what he means nor means what he says.

The Old Story.

Tonnage is short, yet the s.s. *Quickstep*, about 1,700 tons, and the *Felspar*, about 1,200 tons, have both been lying in the Medway for over three years, acting as a store for mines—and the Minister of Shipping seems asleep to the fact. There are plenty of old hulks about which could have been used, and these two vessels released to carry much needed foodstuffs—or the mines could have been transferred by rail to a north eastern port and there stored or shipped direct on to the mine-layers.

Municipal Mummers.

Six years having elapsed since Lewisham last beat the bounds, this present year of grace, being an idle time, was chosen for a repetition of the ceremony. Aldermen, councillors, officials and employees of the Borough Council, with men carrying ladders, wasted time and money over two days' municipal mummery. We note that the Mayor and Vicar were "bumped" on a boundary stone, but we suspect they were not bumped half so hard as they deserved for countenancing such fantastic tomfoolery in these days.

Nobody to Back Her.

A young business girl thought she was doing a good thing in spending £16 to learn motoring. She is losing faith now. Having finished her course, she had six months' driving experience in London city, and then tried to join the R.A.F., which advertises its need of 5,000 drivers. Six attendances in Pall Mall have resulted only in her being turned away. But she has seen "real ladies" straight from training, armed with letters from officers, received with open arms. The girl, such a real trier, has no influence behind her. That's the difference.

An Evil Tutor.

We would warn our Australian friends against the rascal Leadbeater, who—evidently already tired of Roman Catholicism—is endeavouring to found a school at Sydney in connection with the Theosophical Movement. It need only be said that a few years ago Leadbeater was conclusively shown to have deliberately taught a certain immoral practice to two boys placed in his charge. That such a man should embark upon a scholastic enterprise is an instance of the unblushing effrontery which not seldom distinguishes such apostles of vice.

The Cruel Cane.

Near by busy Holborn died little Doris, a maidie of twelve. Everybody was fond of her, and, when a memorial service was held at St. Alban's Church, 18 young schoolmates, buying a wreath, obtained permission to attend. They were due back at St. Alban's National School at two, but the service did not finish till a quarter past. On reaching school they were actually punished for being late, some caned, some kept in—among the latter being the dead girl's sister. Imagine the emotions of the little ones, after hearing beautiful words, on being treated to that experience of real life and its cruelty by a remorseless schoolmistress!

Buying a Book.

As soon as the large bookseller gets word from the publishers that the price of a popular series is to be advanced, he prepares a lot of sticky labels and gets ready to profiteer. His shelves are probably full of books purchased wholesale at the old prices, but it is quite easy to paste a 1s. 6d. label over a 1s. one, or even over a 7d. one—and money for nothing is good business, whether you deal in books or bloaters.

The Servant Scandal.

In some instances, Woman-Power is shamefully squandered, as the advertisement columns of the newspapers testify. Thus one of the clients of a Gloucester Registry Office seeks an "Upper Housemaid," the establishment being described as "One lady, ten servants." The moral is that Woman Power should be strictly rationed. If actual prohibition is impossible, there ought to be a thumping luxury tax on every servant kept beyond reasonable requirements. What about the harvest?

A Bitter Need.

On the whole, the behaviour of the W.A.A.C.s has been excellent, but very occasionally a girl gets into trouble. In these painful cases, sympathetic and considerate treatment should be forthcoming; and we are glad to know that representations which we recently made to the officials of the Corps at the Connaught Club in Seymour Street have been favourably received. Our efforts will have been amply repaid if these unfortunate girls are helped along the road to recovered happiness and health.

A Pampered Pacifist.

We should be prepared to say that the "Conchie" Headmaster of the Long Lane School had the courage at least of his miserable convictions—if only the Finchley War Tribunal would convict him. But, on the contrary, he is able to play Old Harry with them. Fawn as they may upon him, he flouts them still. It is only as a great favour that he has deigned to accept from them (they on their bended knees) complete and absolute exemption. If the inhabitants of the locality don't do something to their Tribunal, there will be a rush of Conchies Finchley-wards.

Soldiers on the Land.

Up to now, the 1916 scheme for settling soldiers on the land cannot be described as a screaming success—208 discharged men having applied for holdings, five having been accommodated. The nap-hand five are settled at Holbeach, three having five acres, and two having ten acres, the rent being at the rate of £40 for a full 10-acre holding with house and buildings. And that rental rate, we understand, is far higher than is paid by farmers on Crown land who have never worn a uniform, though even now of military age. *We* shall have to run a scheme of our own.

Shanghaied.

There is an Ancient Mariner, a Scottish fisherman, of 75, who has never had a home, "because the late Duke of Hamilton would not allow houses to be built on Arran." For years he has lived in his boat, and is now unable to sail from Rosneath because the authorities at Ardrossan have refused a Permit for both inside the boom and outside. As he needs fish and water, he craves to know what fault he has committed. It *does* seem hard on the old fellow. What has he done, to be so heavily punished?

Young and Smart.

Dunn, the Hatter, wants a salesman for his Liverpool branch; "young" and "smart." Nothing said, we notice, about the man being ineligible for the Army. Whether Dunn is yet suited, not knowing, cannot say. If so, the "young" salesman must have been "smart" enough to dodge the National Service authorities, unless he is below Grade III.

Indecent Haste.

It is late in the day for Sir Auckland Geddes to inform us that it is impossible for medical men to devote a quarter of an hour to the examination of each recruit. Men have been rushed through the doctors' hands like crowding in to a football match. It was wicked enough to "examine" the younger men in batches; it is worse when the process is applied to men of 50 or approaching that age. Time has been sadly wasted by politicians and officials. Now there is ghastly haste to scrap elderly men.

The Lawyer's Clerk.

Probably at the best of times there is no class of clerk worse paid than those employed in lawyers' offices. One of the fraternity protests against the salary of 35s. a week now offered for a general clerk by a firm of solicitors in Liverpool. He calculates that 35s. war wages is equivalent to about 17s. 6d. peace wages, and isn't far out in his reckoning. In any case, if 35s. a week is the reward for experience in the law at the present time, fathers would be well advised to give the lawyers a cold shoulder in selecting a clerical occupation for their sons.

Rainbow Rations.

When you receive your Rainbow Ration Book in July, you may like to know whom to thank (or blame) for its kaleidoscopic arrangement of pretty colours. A lady resident of Bournemouth claims to be the real author of the scheme, and she certainly suggested to Sir Arthur Yapp in January the notion of a variegated Ration Book.

Food for Huns.

Standon, in Hertfordshire, is upset—and amused. German prisoners, for farm work, were expected during ten days or more, so, of course, plenty of fish and meat was cooked for the dear things. When they did not come the food went—bad. So it was buried. You have but to remember that Standon people have almost forgotten what fish and meat look like.

A Cruel Sentence.

Arthur Bourne, now 21, joined up August 4, 1914, was knocked on the head with a rifle, discharged unfit; joined Royal Welsh Fusiliers, lost his toes (amputated) through the fall of an ammunition box. He stowed away, got to France, went into the trenches as "sergeant-major," was congratulated upon his pluck by a Court-Martial, but was sent to England. Regretfully we change the record. He was charged at Liverpool with wearing uniform without authority and obtaining £10 by false pretences. Though certified mentally unstable, he was given three months' imprisonment—which the Home Secretary must quash because of the boy's gallantry and his sufferings.

A Suspicious Advertisement.

Who is the queer individual advertising five furnished rooms and use of kitchen at 37, Stapleton Hall Road, Finsbury Park, with the curious postscript "foreigners preferable"? Pray why are foreigners preferable to Britishers, and where does the advertiser draw the line? Will uninterned Huns be welcomed?

Frozen Mit and Frozen Meat.

Why is it that the Wolverhampton Executive Officer (Mr. E. H. Appleton), is reticent to the point of rudeness when the local Press wants to know the reason for sending a large quantity of frozen meat (some 14 or 15 quarters) to the local mortuary? It seems a funny sort of cold storage. And why should the Press be put in cold storage, too?

The Lost Mail Bag.

Serious enough is the loss of a mail bag, and we can well understand the Postmaster of a little Welsh village "getting the wind up" on learning that one had been dropped from the mail van. A lad of fourteen found it, and duly reported the matter to the police. A mail car was sent back to fetch the bag, and the boy was handed a paltry shilling, which "almost made him cry." Things are not improved by the fact that the lad is a widow's only child.

The "Hidden Hand."

We are glad to see that this wonderful play—which we struck, by accident, during a recent visit to Liverpool—is coming to London. *See it.*

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Viscount Haldane.

DEAR VISCOUNT,—In your lecture at King's College the other day, you declared, "I think that in all public matters, truth might be brought out more than it is." This is really quite a bright idea, and if you will allow me to say so, I cannot help applying it to your own past career. If only you had told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth in your accounts of Anglo-German relations before the war, concealing nothing of the knowledge to which you have since confessed, the world might have been saved the agony of Armageddon. Does your conscience never trouble you? JOHN BULL.

To Dr. Jane Walker, National Health Society.

DEAR DOCTORESS,—Your recent observations at the Caxton Hall in regard to "cures by suggestion" were of a most interesting nature, but I wish you could have expounded your theory without casting unmerited aspersions upon our gallant troops. Your phrase about "the increase of immorality in the Army," and the difficulty of keeping the soldiers "in the straight path," will not bear examination, and the whole tone and trend of your remarks did far less than justice to the splendid moral fibre of our fighting men. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill, M.P., Minister of Munitions.

DEAR "MUNITIONS,"—The Commission you have appointed to inquire into the troubles in the Austin Motor Works at Northfield begins at the eleventh hour, but it has yet time to prevent a repetition of the last disastrous strike there. As you know, I wrote a strong letter of warning to Sir Herbert Austin a week or two ago. He seems to be a blind, stubborn, irritating, and not very helpful man in these matters, and, if left alone with his heads, there is every indication that he will make another mess of things; then there will be the Devil to pay again. JOHN BULL.

To the Traffic Superintendent, Metropolitan Railway.

DEAR SIR,—Don't you think it was a bit unreasonable to refuse Miss C. Carver the chance of paying, by instalments, the heavy bill, amounting to 21s. 4d., for charges on her trunk left with you since last August? The poor girl was taken ill, had nowhere else to take her trunk—and was sent to the infirmary, where she now is. Nevertheless, the best you can tell her is that if she doesn't pay in full the trunk will be disposed of at your next sale. Think again, sir! JOHN BULL.

To T. W. Crowther, Esq., Chairman of the Dewsbury Bench.

SIR,—You are a pretty Magistrate! A dirty coward, one Harry Lockwood, 29 years of age, is convicted of having assaulted a wounded soldier, Charles Thompson, by kicking him five times on his wounded leg, with the beastly remark: "You've got two wound stripes; now you'll have a dozen"—and, having assured the criminal that he ought to be ashamed of himself, instead of sending him to gaol you fine him 40s. You ought to be ashamed of *yourself*. JOHN BULL.

To Elmer Sydney Prather (alias "Professor" Elmer E. Knowles), London, S.W.

DEAR HUMBUG,—I find that you are still pestering my readers with circulars and pamphlets offering to cure all the ills that flesh is heir to by the emanations of your powerful mind. Whether you are, as you claim, the "World's Greatest Hypnotist" may be open to question, but as the world's greatest liar you are well in the running—which nobody can deny. Again and again I have exposed your quackery and fraud, and it seems impossible that, at this time of day, any section of the public should be ignorant of your true character. However, there can be no harm in telling you once more to your face, that you are a double-dyed swindler. Indeed, I imagine you would be the last to deny it. JOHN BULL.

To Colonel Arthur Lynch, M.P.

DEAR COLONEL,—There is happy irony in the circumstances which see you gazetted as a Colonel in the British Army. However, it is not my purpose to recall the past, but rather to wish you all success in your Irish recruiting campaign, and to record my sense of your eminent fitness for the job in hand. One opportunity remains to distracted Ireland to retrieve her reputation, and to win by loyal endeavour the fruition of her hopes. Your courageous lead is a favourable omen. Carry on! JOHN BULL.

To Mr. A. G. Knott, 70, Hilda Rd., Canning Town, E.

DEAR SIR,—You object, it appears, to "a series of revolting pictures now appearing on the London hoardings," which you describe as apt to "instil in the minds of our people a cold-blooded and lasting hatred of Germany." (Glory be!) I presume you refer to the posters issued by the "British Empire Union." You appeal to the Baptist Union Council, and suggest that "if we Christians cannot purge our streets of this foulness, then let us issue our own pictures—pictures which shall call people to remember the deeds of mercy, pity and self-sacrifice achieved by Germans, Austrians, Bulgarians and Turks." Any supporting evidence? And—any more at home like you?

JOHN BULL.

To W. Joynson Hicks, Esq., M.P.

DEAR MR. JOYNSON HICKS,—I am glad to notice that while British and German delegates are confabulating at the Hague, you are vigorously canvassing the gross disparity of treatment as between British prisoners in Germany and captive Huns in this country. I feel very strongly that the barbarous treatment of our men can no longer be taken lying down; and in any further efforts you may make, you will receive my warm support. By-the-way, I am glad to see, *you* haven't accepted a title yet. How many have they offered you?

JOHN BULL.

AN INSULT TO VALOUR.

POISONOUS "CONCHY" ON WAR PENSIONS COMMITTEE.

WHAT greater scandal can be imagined than the appointment of a Conscientious Objector—a pronounced pacifist and disloyal agitator—as a member of a Local War Pensions Committee? Councillor Morgan Jones, of Bargoed, Glamorganshire, is a man who from the outset of the war has ranged himself on the side of his country's enemies. Thirty-three years of age and liable to Military Service, he has shamefully evaded his duty and has undergone several terms of imprisonment as a Conscientious Objector. Formerly, Jones was engaged as a school teacher at Bargoed, where his influence was so pernicious that the Glamorganshire Education Committee, to their credit, expelled him from their service. Latterly, however, the authorities have been culpably weak in their handling of this dangerous firebrand. Released from prison to undertake work of national importance, Jones has been permitted to return to his own district, where he has obtained employment at the Abertysswg Colliery. At a bound he has regained his former position as a leader of the disloyal and traitorous forces which have made their home in the South Wales coalfields—although among only a small minority of the miners, who, as a whole, have rendered magnificent service in the war.

A Conscientious Objector on probation, Jones has been selected by the Gelligaer Parish Council as their representative on the Local War Pensions Committee, where it is his duty to deal with the pension claims of disabled heroes, whose boots he is unworthy to lick. Unfortunately, six other members of the Committee are adherents of the Independent Labour Party, disciples of Macdonald and Snowden; and, encouraged by their support, Jones has repeatedly abused his position to insult brave men and to mock the grief of widows by the utterance of sentiments which are the essence of treason. Imagine the situation: A hero, maimed for life in the faithful discharge of his duty, goes before the Bargoed War Pensions Committee to be catechised and browbeaten by a notorious pacifist and a shirker. A widow, robbed by the cruel hand of war of all that life held of joy and promise, is confronted at the Pensions Committee by a man whose very presence is an outrage to the memory of the dead—compelled to disclose her domestic affairs and to reveal the most intimate details of her life to a cynical pacifist who can scarcely refrain from sneering at her bitter sacrifice! Is it any wonder that the position has excited acute indignation in the district?

Discharged soldiers and local patriots generally are under no delusion as to the character and career of this man. They remember his first appearance at the Caerphilly Police Court as an absentee from Military Service; his successive terms of imprisonment for refusal to obey Army Orders; his conviction at the London Mansion House in April, 1916, when he was fined £100 for conduct likely to prejudice recruiting—but it is not upon these recent episodes alone that their judgment is based. Many of them remember Morgan Jones from childhood, and they know that from his first entry into public life he has pursued one reckless policy after another, with an utter disregard of patriotic principle or of the true welfare of the men who have been the tools of his political ambition. They are aware that since the war he has been actively identified with every unpatriotic movement—with the Independent Labour Party, whose spokesmen in the House of Commons and in the Press have lost no opportunity of hindering and decrying the national effort—with the No-Conscription Fellowship and other bodies which have engaged in determined opposition to the national war policy. These facts are common knowledge in South Wales, and the loyal population are in no mood tamely to acquiesce in the continuance of a scandal which has already passed the bounds of decency.

Morgan Jones must clear out. The enormity of his membership of the Bargoed War Pensions Committee can no longer be tolerated. It is a scandal that stinks throughout the Principality, and reflects undeserved discredit upon the loyal County of Glamorgan and its mining population, for whom with characteristic effrontery Jones affects to speak. We understand that, in reply to a resolution of the Discharged Sailors' and Soldiers' Federation calling for his expulsion from the Pensions Committee, the Gelligaer Council, with whom primarily the responsibility rests, have raised some legal difficulty; but they surely have the power to cancel an appointment which they ought never to have made. If not, the Government must intervene—and, while they are about it, they should take steps to ensure that never again in any quarter of the King's dominions shall a man like Morgan Jones, of Bargoed, be appointed to any position of authority or influence in the affairs of discharged soldiers and sailors. In the meantime, the Home Office should act. That Mr. William Brace, M.P., the Minister responsible for the control of Conscientious Objectors, can have any sort of sympathy with a man like Jones, is unthinkable; but it is equally incredible that an "Object," released for work of national importance, should have been permitted to identify himself with local pacifist movements, and to crown his audacity by acquiring membership of a War Pensions Committee. There is reason to believe that the Home Office have quite sufficient evidence to warrant the prosecution of Morgan Jones under the Defence of the Realm Act—if, indeed, he is not liable to re-arrest as a Conscientious Objector who has flagrantly broken his "parole."

A FORTUNATE FIRM.

PROFITEERING MADE EASY IN THE NORTH.

We should like to know why the Walsall Magistrates are so kind to George and Carl Bebb, grocers. Possibly there is nothing more in it than that theirs is one of the largest local firms, and Magistrates have a congenital weakness for a large firm. Still, considering the long list of summonses for bacon profiteering, we think the Bench would have been well advised to convict the Bebbses, say once. In practically every case the charge was the same; it was alleged that 2s. 6d. a lb. was charged for bacon instead of the scheduled price of 2s. 2d. In each instance the summons was dismissed because there was not "enough evidence." The evidence in each case was that of a different woman customer. Now we presume that these amateur judges have some sense of logic, though they may have no knowledge of law. And it must surely strike them that, though in each case it was the word of a customer against the word of the grocer, the evidence was cumulative. Here were many cases and many women all telling the same tale. Were they all liars? Or are the Bebbses liars? If the Magistrates cannot see that the evidence was, in fact, absolutely—well, was at least worth more than the consideration they gave it, they are not fit to sit on any Bench but the bench in a dame's school.

It should be mentioned to the credit of one Magistrate, Mr. Halford, that he remarked on complaints of overcharging made in the town, and even in the Council Chamber. But Mr. S. B. Wheway, the presiding Magistrate, shut him up by observing that the Bench could take no notice of such complaints. We suggest that Wheway and the other Walsall simples should be removed a Wheway from the Walsall Bench.

WRIGGLES OF THE RED-TAPE WORM.

COMIC OPERA IN A HUNDRED ACTS BY ORDER.

Why write comic operas while we have Government officials? Edward Sullivan was a discharged soldier. However! On May 27th he was due to leave London on Government work for Chichester, with his employer and three men—travelling warrant, etc., all in order. At last moment Labour Exchange discovers that he has no registration card. Did they send the man down to Chichester and post the registration card on to him? Not in comic-opera England!

They sent him to the Town Hall, where he waited three hours, and then was told no more could be served that night. *And on the following day (Tuesday) the Registration office was closed.* So Edward went up on Wednesday, waited—and registered. The time, however, has not yet come to cheer. For, on the Thursday, at the Labour Exchange, he was asked for *proof* that he had registered. Bravely stifling his emotions, Edward tramped to the Town Hall, and (now cheer!) *he found it was closed* all Thursday. On Friday, after waiting over five hours, he got his proof. Saturday—went to Labour Exchange with proof. Nice old gentleman says proof not sufficient. Registration office closed all day. Monday and Tuesday—see previous week. Wednesday, after long wait, received sufficient proof. Thursday, to Labour Exchange, feeling very cocky. N.O.G. smiles. Edward must get letter from the firm he is going to work for instructing N.O.G. to supply a warrant for travel. 'Swonderful, isn't it? Edward has written. But whether he ever gets a reply, and whether the N.O.G. at Catherine Street Labour Exchange ever sends him to Chichester, and whether Edward (without his "books," which his employer holds) gets a job while he waits, who knows?

A SCANDALOUS FINE.

WATFORD MAGISTRATES & DISCHARGED SOLDIER.

There is a maxim of law: *De minimis non curat lex*—"The law takes no account of trifles"—but, unfortunately, some Magistrates do not live up to it. Among this mean-spirited company are the Watford Magistrates, who lately had before them an invalided soldier, named Ezekiel Franklin, on a charge of allowing his horses to stray. To be strictly accurate, Franklin was charged that on the date named in the summons he "without lawful authority unlawfully did permit to remain on a certain Common within the Urban District of Watford, to wit, Cassiobridge Common, two horses, contrary to the Watford Urban District Council Bye-Laws, in that behalf duly made and published and still in force." No wonder the invalided soldier trembled!

This was a case which exactly suited the Watford Magistrates; it was petty and paltry, and silly—and they revelled in it. All that the defendant—a discharged soldier, remember—had done, was to allow his horses to graze on Cassiobridge Common for half-an-hour, stopping with them all the time to see that they did not stray on to the road. He had seen others do this, he said, without interference from the police, and he thought there was no great harm in it. The Magistrates thought otherwise, if they thought at all. Ignoring the defendant's claim on the national gratitude and his good character—disregarding his statement and treating the trumpery charge as though it were one of serious importance—they fined Franklin £4, or in default a month's imprisonment. On the whole, we are glad not to know these Magistrates at Watford. If we happened to live near any of them, we would look for new lodgings before bed-time.

IN ENGLAND—NOW.

(Germans are still allowed to hold special and privileged positions in our Government Departments.)

THE SHADOWS ON THE BLIND.

BISHOPS' BOYCOTT OF SOLDIER-CLERGY.

HARD LINES ON THE FIGHTING PARSON.

The clergy were put into the last Military Service Act by the Government; it is believed they were taken out again as a sop to the Irish Party and as an invidious protection for the Irish Roman Catholic clergy. Be that as it may, there were Anglican clergy who had long felt the stigma and now realised the stain. They might have gone as Chaplains to the Forces, blessed in milk-and-water by their diocesans, and rewarded by the War Office with 10s. a day. Many clergy have so gone, as the only means of going, and they have won through in deed and sacrifice as noble and valorous as any in the stricken fields of war. But other clergy have not gone that way; they have enlisted as privates—vicars as well as curates.

In one diocese a vicar who refused to apply for a chaplaincy and enlisted as a ranker has had two-thirds of his inadequate stipend stopped after 16 years, in order to pay a substitute in his absence; while the grant from the Diocesan Fund to a clerical colleague who enlisted with him has ceased. Their names are withheld in petty vindictiveness from the Honours List of the *Diocesan Magazine*—a list scrupulously or unscrupulously confined to those who take up chaplaincies or serve in the Y.M.C.A., or do duty in Church Army huts. And on top of all this income appropriated and this boycott publicly advertised, we have the Bishop in his diocesan letter to his clergy shamelessly proclaiming that the real self-denial has been by the stay-at-home "Conchies" in Holy Orders! There are those who think we have no good will towards the clergy as a class. They are wrong. Our good will is to them and to all men who will do the best in them with justice, with tolerance, and with sincerity. So thus we speak up for the soldier-priests who go to the war strong in their faith and patriotic in their manhood. They deserve honour. They deserve gratitude. They deserve justice. They do not deserve such treatment at the hands of their "Right Reverend Father in God."

A WASTE OF OPPORTUNITY.

FLAWS IN THE LORD ROBERTS' MEMORIAL SCHEME.

No one questions the admirable motives underlying the Lord Roberts' Memorial Workshop Scheme for Disabled Soldiers and Sailors, but there are certain details of the project which demand public explanation. The enterprise, which has for its object the training in handicrafts of disabled men, is being carried out in conjunction with the Incorporated Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society, which has been in existence since the South African war; meanwhile, as regards the Memorial Workshops, vast sums have been spent on advertising appeals—the subscriptions and donations in a single year, according to the last balance-sheet available (for the year 1916) amounting to £55,274. It is regrettable to learn that up to the present the costly workshops erected in various parts of the country have proved far too large for the number of men employed, only a fraction of their vast accommodation being as yet in use. This is hard to reconcile with lavish advertising for further subscriptions to the Memorial Fund, on account of "human wreckage from the European battlefields pouring in."

Our information is that only a small proportion of this precious material is "pouring in" to the Memorial Workshops, and it is doubtful if at the present time more than 500 men are actually employed. On the other hand, it appears that in several of the workshops women have commenced operations, an innovation which, while it may be better than an utter waste of space and material, implies a considerable departure from the original scheme. On a closer inspection of the balance-sheet, we fail to observe any entry relating to the salaries of the Secretary and other officers of the Memorial Workshops Fund; are these individuals working in an honorary capacity? On the whole, we are inclined to suggest that if the scheme is as sound as its promoters believe, it should be correlated with the Ministry of Pensions, and worked in conjunction with the national provision for the welfare of disabled fighting men.

A HATEFUL HUN.

OFFICIAL INDIFFERENCE TO ENGLISHWOMAN'S FATE.

How kind and polite our officials can be to a German is exemplified in the case of the man Vorwerk, to which we have more than once drawn the attention of our readers. Apart from being a full-blooded Hun, the fellow was an unnatural husband and a notorious evil-liver, but for some extraordinary reason the authorities were loth to intern him. Finally the publicity we gave to the matter forced their hands, and a few months ago Vorwerk was dislodged from a snug situation at the Peebles Hydropathic Hotel, and interned.

Meanwhile, his English wife had become chargeable to the Guardians, and although an effort was made to secure a contribution towards her support from Vorwerk, who was not without funds, it met with no success. As a prisoner-of-war he is permitted to work and earn money in the Isle of Man, part of which is regularly sent to a woman at Peebles with whom, during his stay there, he was on intimate terms. "It seems very hard," the wife writes to us, "that Vorwerk can earn money and be allowed to send it to another woman." The public bearing of the case is that an Englishwoman's German husband, over whom we have complete authority, is permitted, without let or hindrance, to squander his resources on what, after all, are immoral ends.

AN ARTIFICIAL HAND.

IMPROVED DESIGNS DELAYED AND NEGLECTED.

At Roehampton Hospital there seems to be strange disinclination to test properly the merits of artificial limbs when a new idea is submitted. The latest instance concerns an improved artificial hand, which has earned the approval of expert surgeons besides that of sufferers afflicted with the loss of hands. More than that, a lady has offered to Roehampton one of these hands to be supplied and fitted free of charge, but the hospital people refused her generous offer. An American hand costs £60, a French hand from £30 to £35 an English hand £25 and upwards. This new hand can be made for £5, or, with arm fittings, up to £10. It includes various improvements, enabling an armless man to use tools. Roehampton, some months ago, refused a new artificial leg of British design and manufacture, though it seemed to be at least equally as good as the leg they did adopt, which costs several times as much!

THAT BROKEN COMB.

EXEMPTION FOR ALL AT AN AIRCRAFT FIRM.

At an aircraft factory in course of construction in the London neighbourhood, a number of discharged men were employed on police work, being given brassards and N.A.F. cap badges to dignify their service, and a decent wage and bonus to feed their families. As soon as ever the building work was completed the factory was taken over by the Sopwith firm, and the discharged soldiers were sent packing. Every man who works for Sopwith's, whether on skilled labour, or merely scrubbing floors, or walking up and down on sentry-go, is exempt from Military Service. The new policemen are, to all appearances, of military age, but that makes no difference. They belong to the Most Noble Order of the Indispensables. True, their wages are somewhat lower than those of the men they have displaced—but what of that? Two of them, we understand, are publicans, and another a music teacher, and with such profitable employments to engage their spare time, protection from military service is worth some financial sacrifice. Apart from the amateur policemen, another of these privileged individuals is a storekeeper, a man with no family responsibilities, having a light job at Sopwith's and a business of his own elsewhere.

MORE ABOUT MRS. AND M

Significant Silence—Laxity at Lofthouse P k Ca

By THE EDITOR

THIS week I propose saying something further about Mrs. Leverton Harris—and also to have a word or two with *Mr.* Leverton Harris. It is when, now and then, a case of this kind comes to light that the public can be made to realise the true gravity of the German peril, and at the same time of Ministerial chicanery. Up to the time of writing, I have heard nothing from Mrs. Leverton Harris or her advisers in regard to the very grave charges I brought against her last week, and which charges I propose somewhat to amplify. Let me assure the lady that the pretext of treating such charges "with contempt" will not do. This journal goes all over the world, and is read by every section of the community. It is owned by a substantial proprietary—quite capable of paying any damages which might be awarded against it if we have done the lady any wrong; while, should she elect to adopt the remedy of a prosecution for criminal libel, I am at her service. Of one thing, however, I am determined, and that is to do my utmost to cut this cancer of German influence and intrigue out of the country's life. I am equally determined, whenever an occasion arises, to expose Ministerial trickery of any kind, more especially when it is calculated to interfere with the successful prosecution of the war. And that is why this week I bring in *Mr.* Leverton Harris.

More About the Camp.

First of all, however, a few further words about Mrs. Leverton Harris. Since last week I have had an opportunity of making myself even more thoroughly acquainted with the facts. It will be remembered that I commented upon the strange chain of coincidences which connected the visits of Mrs. Leverton Harris to the Lofthouse Park Internment Camp with her ex-sister-in-law, Lady Mary Savile (who married the brother of Mr. Leverton Harris—the marriage being annulled in 1905), sister of Princess Lowenstein, widow of Prince Ludwic Karl zu Lowenstein Wertheim, of Castle Litznitz, Frankfort-on-the-Oder, the lady who became notorious last autumn, not only for travelling to Manchester under a false name and address, but for her persistent inquiries as to the cost of building and the shortest time for delivery of an aeroplane capable of carrying four passengers. I now have another name to add to the collection—none other, indeed, than the Mrs. Savile, a relative of Lady Mary Savile, and wife of the Rev. William Hale Savile, who came so prominently before the public at the end of 1915 as the lady who, after being removed from Beverley, Yorkshire, as the result of a special police report to the Home Office, was discovered engaged in the War Office! This lady was the only daughter of Major Count Hyppolyt Victor Alexander von Bothmer, Count of the Holy Roman Empire—that is, Austria. It will, therefore, not surprise you to hear that, shortly before the war, this dear lady was ready to play hostess to the son of von Tirpitz—so that altogether the Leverton Harrises have certainly been living in a very German atmosphere. Then, as regards the visits of Mrs. Leverton Harris to the German prisoner, von Plessen. I have good reason to doubt her statement that, despite her request to see this German officer alone, without supervision, she had never been permitted to do so.

Reasons for Public Disquietude.

On the contrary, it was because of the protest of Lieut. Canning against such an unsupervised visit that he was deputed by the Commandant to supervise her subsequent interviews. By the way, it is interesting to observe that, since the public-spirited action of this young Lieutenant in calling attention to the scandal, he has been hastily bundled off to another camp. I remind you, too, that von Plessen was caught red-handed by one of his guards busy tunnelling a way out of the camp, and it is interesting to note that this was at the time recorded on the files of JOHN BULL! As a matter of fact, two of the prisoners did escape from this camp by means of tunnels. Taking all these incidents in conjunction with the sworn testimony of Lieut. Canning, who supervised the last interview, that he heard Mrs. Leverton Harris say to von Plessen, "My dear Leopold, how happy we shall be when we can be together again," I leave my readers to draw their own conclusions as to the truth of Mrs. Leverton Harris's explanation of her visits to this "half-English boy"—arrested, as I pointed out last week, on his way to Germany to fight against us—a nice English sample, indeed! Why is it that public feeling has been so keenly aroused over the revelations at the Court-Martial on Lieut. Canning? First of all, there is the fact that the gallant young officer who dared to protest against these favours to German counts, is put on his defence—and he, the clean-souled Englishman, not those who consort with the Hun, has to run the gauntlet of a military trial. It is true he was "honourably acquitted," but what are we to say of a system which pillories the man who dared to protest and whitewashes those who were the cause of all the trouble? But what has aroused the gravest disquietude is the knowledge that people in high places—those who have influence, either family or social, with members of the Government—are able to exert that influence for private ends, and, in the case of Mrs. Leverton Harris, to gain special privileges for herself and a Hun prisoner. That Home Office official who sent the letter to the Camp Commandant making it possible for Mrs. Leverton Harris and von Plessen to see each other in private is, I understand, now at the Hague concerned with the Home Secretary in the negotiations over the exchange of prisoners. When he returns, we shall look for a very full explanation as to the motives which induced him to act as he did.

Mr. Leverton Harris.

From special privileges for the wife of one of His Majesty's Ministers to special privileges for the firm with which that Minister is associated, is quite an easy transition. And now I come to *Mr.* Leverton Harris. How far he has been infected with the German virus I am not in a position to say. Of course, it is not his fault that his brother married into the Savile family; nor is it his fault that, despite the annulment of that marriage thirteen years ago, Mrs. Leverton Harris has remained on terms of the closest intimacy with the family; nor is it his fault that she takes so keen an interest in this von Plessen young man. For aught I know, Mr. Leverton Harris may be all-British through and through—but when the Prime Minister thinks it part of his duty to stand up in the House of Commons and praise a colleague who has "voluntarily given up business in order to do war work," and infers that he had been ready to see his business "go to grief," we have a right to examine into the justification for such eulogies and to look a little more closely at things. By way of introduction, I say deliberately that in my view Mr. Leverton Harris has abused his Ministerial position to obtain substantial pecuniary advantages for the shipping company with which he was connected. Let me put a very plain question to Commander Leverton Harris: *Will he produce the Balance Sheets of his company for the last four years?* I suggest that it will be found that since these concessions, "in the public interest," were secured, the profits of the firm have enormously increased. I *do* know that last year the junior member of that firm died—and left behind him between three and four hundred thousand pounds. Whence was that fortune derived? *Let us have the accounts.* They cannot be seen at the Joint Stock Registry, because Harris and Dixon, Limited, is what is known to the law as a "Private Company." *Dare Commander Leverton Harris produce them?*

Ministerial "Camouflage."

Although both the Prime Minister and Mr. Asquith were pleased to wax indignant over the disclosure of those papers from the secret file of a Department, I don't think the public will be deceived by such Ministerial "camouflage." But for those letters which were sent to General Page Croft, we should have been kept in ignorance of a pretty piece of special privilege in war time. Whether Mr. Leverton Harris was a director at that time I cannot say, but he certainly was the largest shareholder, and it is quite evident that in urging upon the Chief Cable Censor that this firm should be favoured over others, he was silent regarding the fact of his association

MR. LEVERTON HARRIS.

...k Camp—The Profits of Harris & Dixon.

...EDITOR.

with it. Why this concealment? Why did he write as if he were acting like an ordinary M.P. in transmitting to a Government department the request of a Company with which he had no concern? When the Cable Censor, evidently disinclined to grant the concession, wanted an assurance that the business was "mainly or largely for Government, and that the delays were detrimental to national interests," Commander Leverton Harris was ready at once to offer such assurances, and if it was desired "to see the proper authorities at the Board of Trade and the Ministry of Munitions, and have his opinion confirmed." And thus this member of the Government obtained facilities which enabled Harris and Dixon, Ltd., to secure an advantage over competing firms, so that they could, in the words of General Page Croft, "select the cream of the freights offering and pick and choose their cargoes"! Don't forget that the correspondence between Comdr. Leverton Harris and the Chief Cable Censor was throughout conducted without the smallest hint that a member of the Government was in any way connected with the Company in question. Can we be surprised, however, that in less than six months these facilities were withdrawn, as the Cable Censor came to the conclusion that the grant of them "was not satisfactory"? Remember that all the correspondence relating to this matter was on Admiralty War Staff paper. No one, however, appears to have suspected any connection between Leverton Harris, the Minister, and Harris and Dixon, the shippers. And this official ignorance in the Spring of 1916—for that was when these precious letters were written, and these special privileges granted—was equally profound eighteen months later. For I find that in December, 1917, this firm of Harris and Dixon formed the subject of some very pertinent questions in the House of Commons. In April, 1916, as we have seen, Comdr. Leverton Harris kept in the background—in December, 1917, he was still "camouflaged." Now I am going to quote from the Official Parliamentary Reports—and I want my readers to take this quotation in the light of the more recent revelations in Parliament, and then to ask themselves when and where official ignorance ends and frank honesty should begin. Here is the quotation—I will throw a little light upon it afterwards:

> Mr. Pringle asked the President of the Board of Trade (1) whether the arrangement made by the Board of Trade with the exporters of coal in May, 1916, for the export of coal to France and Italy has worked to the complete satisfaction of the French and Italian Governments, and if so why the arrangement then made has been departed from in respect of the coal supplied to the United States forces in France; and (2) whether he can state the name of the firm which has obtained the contract for coal for the United States forces in France; whether this firm has been engaged in the export of coal to France in the past, and if not why a firm not formerly engaged in this trade *has been enabled to obtain a contract* contrary to the basis of the arrangement made by the Board of Trade with the coal exporters in May, 1916?

Now anyone who understands the significance of phrasing in Parliamentary questions will realise the innuendo underlying these various queries. Yet note the answer:—

> Mr. Wardle: The arrangement to which the hon. member refers relates to coal for French and Italian requirements. The President of the Board of Trade is not prepared to interfere with the purchasing arrangements which the United States Government have adopted as best suited to their own requirements.
>
> Mr. Hogge: Will the hon. member say what is the name of this firm and whether it has been engaged in the export of coal to France in the past?
>
> Mr. Wardle: I cannot answer that.
>
> Mr. Hogge: Is my hon. friend aware that the name of the firm is Harris and Dixon, and is one of the partners in that firm a member of the Government?
>
> Mr. Wardle: Not to my knowledge.
>
> Mr. Hogge: Will the hon. gentleman inquire and find out?

Well, there is only one meaning to all this—a firm in which a member of His Majesty's Government was a partner was able to break down an arrangement—fair, equitable and honest—which had been made when Mr. Asquith was Prime Minister, and to gain for itself an important contract for supplying coal to the ever-growing forces of the United States in France.

Ministerial Ignorance.

You note how profound was the ignorance of the spokesman of the Board of Trade. He was specifically asked to state the name of the firm which had obtained this valuable coal contract. Yet he professes not to know it, nor does he make any attempt to controvert the suggestion that Harris and Dixon had "barged" in to this business of exporting coal to France. That is an old departmental ruse. When you do not want to answer, you just shut your official mouth and pretend to be an ignorant fool. Twice these points were put to Mr. Wardle—you see, even a Labour member soon learns how to "practise to deceive"—and on neither occasion was the honest answer forthcoming. Now there is no question that Harris and Dixon got that contract "contrary to the basis of the arrangement made by the Board of Trade with the coal exporters in May, 1916"—just about the time, you will note, when Commander Leverton Harris was seeking special cabling facilities for the firm and getting them! It would be interesting to know what that contract was worth, and the public has a right to know why this business went to Harris and Dixon at all, in violation of a plan deliberately formed by the Government. I say without hesitation that that is a scandalous thing; and I say equally without hesitation that Comdr. Leverton Harris should at once resign or be called upon by the Prime Minister to clear out of the Ministry of Blockade. This is no time for polite phrases. I am no more impressed with the simulated indignation of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith than I am with the virtuous disavowals of Mr. Leverton Harris himself. It's all piffle and bunkum. If my information is correct, Harris and Dixon went behind an arrangement which the Board of Trade devised in order to treat with fairness the exporters of coal, and by some means induced the United States Government to ignore the wishes of the British Government, and secured a personal arrangement which gave to them the valuable privilege of supplying coal to the American forces in France. *I should like to know what the ex-President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Runciman, has to say in the matter*—I have a reason for expressing that wish—and what is more, I should be interested to learn why these questions, which I have quoted from the Official Reports in December, 1917, were not pursued further. Perhaps Messrs. Hogge and Pringle can enlighten us. And was it because of this contract that the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Blockade thought fit to get rid of his shares in this family concern? That is a pertinent question.

Grave Public Importance.

This is no small personal matter. It raises considerations of the gravest public importance. I am supposed to be the leading exponent of the principle of a Business Government. But that does not mean, and never shall mean, doing your own business through the Government. And I say deliberately that for the firm of which Comdr. Leverton Harris was the principal shareholder to break down the considered and equitable policy of the Board of Trade—anxious to deal fairly with the exporters of coal—and grasp for themselves this enormously valuable business, raises questions which demand an answer. It was bad enough that Comdr. Leverton Harris should go out of his way to applaud the conduct of his wife in visiting Hun prisoners in Wakefield Camp. But matters of far more serious concern are raised by his position and opportunities as a member of the Government, while the depressing ignorance of Ministers as to a colleague's business activities is as disquieting as it is obviously insincere. Leverton Harris must go!

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

Mornin', pard. I b'lieve you gents from the States prefer that expression to "Sir"? . . . Oh, *a matter of indiff*, is it? Well, that's horse sense, anyway. Wot'll you 'ave? Wot I meanter say is, wot kin I do for yer? . . . *Shavin'?* Cert'n'y. It'll be a pleasure. You're the first United States soldier to do me the honour of droppin' in. And I'm real pleased to see yer. Set 'ere, if you don't mind. Funny thing, it ain't so very long ago since I was thinkin' some very 'ard things about the United States. That was w'en you looked as though you wasn't ever comin' in; w'en you was supposed to be "Too proud to fight," and American mothers was a-yellin' that they 'adn't raised their sons to be soljers. But two things 'ave 'appened since then: *You're* chucked yore 'ole weight into the scale against the Kayser, and *I're* read the biography of Benjamin Franklin; an' now I know more about the meanin' of Independence Day in America than wot I ever did afore. I use ter think the 4th o' July in the States was jest an excuse fur Yankee kids to kill theirselves by the 'undreds with fireworks, an' thet the 'ole silly bizniss arose through chuckin' a chest o' tea in Boston 'Arbour becos the Ole Country shoved a juty on it. But I guess I know better now. I've read about yore Benjamin Franklin and orl wot 'e did fur America, an' I've come to the conclusion thet you Yanks was jolly well justified in fightin' us at 'ome fur yore independence. I reckon if George the Fif 'ad bin a-settin' on the throne in them days instead o' thet ole fat'ead, George the Third, it wouldn't never 'ave 'appened. W'y, you Yanks 'ad a grievance in them days wot'ud make the worst Irish grievance look like a blessin' in disguise. Taxation without representation is a thing nobody with a drop o' British blood in their veins will stand fur five minutes without raisin' Cain about it. Thet was wot *you* wos expected to knuckle under to, but Benjamin Franklin, the printer's boy, put the kybosh on it fair an' square. I reckon 'e was far an' away a bigger man than ole Washington, with 'is little 'atchet and 'is "I cannot tell a lie" stunt. So 'ip, 'ip, 'ooray! fur Independence Day, *I* say! A bit diff'rent now, ain't it, sonny? George the Third tried to crush you into slavery, 'elped by 'is Ministers wot didn't 'esitate to shed British blood fur the sake of enforcin' a rotten principle on a band of plucky settlers wot 'ad 'ad to do everythink fur theirselves—w'ile George the Fif, Gawd bless 'im, is goin' to chuck orf at yore baseball match today, I 'ear. Thet's the sorter thing to draw the nations closer together. Thet, an' dyin' side by side on the battlefield to 'elp clear the civilised world of the German pest. 'Uman lice, I calls the 'Uns, embedded in the face of the earth. Our bizniss, pard, is to dig 'em out with the bayonet, and I reckon we're goin' to do it. 'Ow'll thet do fur close, pard? . . . Good. Then p'raps I shell see you again. Tell orl your pals thet there's *one* Britisher 'ere wot's changed 'is ideas about the United States and ain't afraid to say so. A bloke, tell 'em, wot thinks as much of ole Benjamin Franklin as wot the most patriotic Yankee can do. Well, goo' day, an' good luck. Don't be longer then you kin 'elp with thet there swarm of aeroplanes wot you're goin' to finish the wore with . . . Goo' day. Much obliged, I'm shore, but you let this be my treat, if you don't mind. . . .

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

CAPT. ALEX H. MUIRHEAD, A/ADJT., 53RD ROYAL SUSSEX REGT. (Battalion Orders):—
"Lieut. C. A. Hayes has PERMISSION TO WEAR TROUSERS DURING PARADE HOURS until further orders."

"UNION JACK LIBRARY":—
"The man DID NOT DIE at all—HE WAS MURDERED!"

"WALSALL PIONEER" (advertisement):—
"Lady, HUSBAND CALLED UP, wishes to meet with ANOTHER who will share her house, and for company."

"SOUTH WALES DAILY NEWS":—
"News and Views in LIGHTER VEIN: Since the Glamorgan Police Committee last met five members of the Glamorgan Police Force have been KILLED in France."

"SCOTSMAN" (advertisement):—
"Women SPITTERS (10 or 12 good) wanted."

"MORNING POST":—
"The Cotton Control Board are anxious that local committees of employers and employed should consider the most suitable measures for bringing into operation a system of CONTINUOUS UNEMPLOYMENT."

"ANSWERS LIBRARY":—
"In front of him spread the GREAT HILLS OF THE NORTH SEA."

"LLOYD'S NEWS":—
"I have certainly NEVER seen Captain Ball or Captain McCudden—STILL LESS, of course, the rubicund but monastic countenance of Sir Archibald Bodkin."

"BRIGHTON EVENING ARGUS" (racing result):—
"Won by a WEEK; three lengths between the second and third."

"EVERY OFFICER A PELMANIST."

TRIBUTES FROM REGIMENTS AT THE FRONT.

Every day the popularity of Pelmanism in the Army and Navy—as well as amongst members of the various Businesses and Professions which constitute the "Home Front"—increases.

Nearly 100 Generals and Admirals are now taking the Pelman Course, and well over 30,000 other officers and men of the two Services.

A striking statement as to the popularity of Pelmanism at the Front has just been made by Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, editor of the "British Weekly."

Writing in a recent issue of this journal—the most influential of all religious weeklies—he says:—

"From the battle-fronts in France and Italy I have received many remarkable accounts of the practical value of Pelmanism to officers and men of our armies. A personal friend—he was a University Professor—who was out lecturing at the Front, found everywhere that the Pelman System was being discussed by officers. And I am told that in several regiments practically every officer is a Pelmanist."

A MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH.

One can easily understand why this is the case. In modern warfare the possession of the faculty of "instant decision" frequently means all the difference between life and death. A situation arises, you have to make up your mind in a fraction of a second. If you hesitate or make a wrong decision you not only lose your own life, but perhaps cause the death of 20 others. Everything depends upon your judgment, the quickness of your mind, and your power of instant action. These are the very qualities (amongst others) that Pelmanism develops. It makes you mentally alert and full of resource. It gives you complete command of yourself. It enables you to gauge—in one swift flash of vision—all the possibilities of a situation. It enables you to decide at once, to act rightly on that decision, and to act instantly. This is only possible to the man with a perfectly trained mind. Pelmanism trains your mind efficiently and gives you these all-essential powers.

Decision.	**Originality.**
Initiative.	**Resourcefulness.**
Alertness.	**Judgment.**
Observation.	**Perception.**
Organising Power.	**Leadership.**
Self-Command.	**Self-Reliance.**
Mental Grasp.	**Perfect Memory.**

All these qualities are developed to the highest degree by Pelmanism, and all are equally valuable to

— the Professional man or woman,
— the Business man or woman,
— the Soldier and the Sailor.

Owing to the fact that they possess these qualities, men and women in business are earning 100 per cent., 200 per cent., even 300 per cent. more than they formerly did.

"Thanks to the Pelman Course, in less than three weeks I have made the first step of advancement and have practically doubled my income," writes one who has taken the course.

Whilst in the Army and Navy the possession of these faculties leads to rapid promotion and distinction.

"As a direct consequence of Lesson 2, I have got a step in rank," says a Lieut.-Colonel.

And hundreds, even thousands of similar examples could be quoted did space permit.

A FLYING OFFICER'S EXPERIENCE.

Besides developing these qualities Pelmanism generally trains the mind, keeps you mentally fit, and is doing a great work in "pulling together" those who have suffered from "nerves" and other troubles as the result of their war experiences. Here, for example, is a letter from a Flying Officer quoted by the Editor of the "British Weekly":—

"When I began the Pelman Course I was a nervous wreck owing to my machine catching fire in the air and crashing. I was so bad that I was awarded compensation for injuries by the Admiralty; yet I am so much better that on Thursday last I was passed 'fit for flying.' . . . Without the aid of the Course to make me put my back into my efforts, I doubt whether I should have succeeded."

"A remarkable letter," comments Sir W. Robertson Nicoll.

"Here is a man mentally and nervously shattered by an accident from which he was lucky to emerge living; and yet he has regained sufficient command over nerves and mind to become again eligible for the most exacting duties of this exacting war. And I am assured that this case is by no means unique."

FULL INFORMATION FREE.

Readers who would like to read the evidence as to the surpassing value of Pelmanism tendered by hundreds of men and women of every kind of profession and business should write to-day for a copy of "Mind and Memory," which, together with other explanatory literature, will be sent you gratis and post free.

From this you will learn all about the marvels of Pelmanism, what it has done for others, what it will do *for you*; how it takes up very little time and involves no hard study, and how you can take the complete course at a reduction of one-third of the usual fees. Write for the above to-day—you will never regret it (and a postcard will do)—to The Secretary, the Pelman Institute, 15, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.1.

Overseas Addresses: 46-48, Market Street, Melbourne; 15, Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.—[ADVT.]

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

Tommy in India:—The boys in the Cornwallis Barracks, at Bangalore, tell us that hospital life there is not a fairy dream. A responsible officer should look into affairs without delay.

Their Just Dues:—Men of a Reserve Labour Company at Ripon complain that they are not given the food that is due to them. We hope that an improvement will be made.

Woe at Watts Common:—Whoever is responsible at Watts Common Camp should dodge around and see if the tents are rain-proof.

For General Morgan:—The men of the Forage Department, attached A.S.C., Sussex section, want to know why no notice has been taken of their complaints. Give it up!

Heliographing to the Enemy:—More letters from France contain the old complaint that some "spittle and polish" officers insist on all bright parts being made to rival the sun. We have just heard from a mounted unit that followed some Infantry on the march. The mounted fellows had their brass shining like heliographs. Gothas came overhead, and the Commander of the Infantry came back and begged the mounted chaps for God's sake to retire, as they would draw bombs on his men. In South Africa all bright parts were painted a khaki colour. How much longer will the present foolish practice continue?

The Oldest 'Un:—We recently ventured the opinion that the oldest rank-and-filer in the Service was a New Zealander, aged 65. Now bobs up Rifleman Ridewood, of the 8th City of London, who beats the Colonial by three years, and is at present doing duty with the Royal Engineers. Any more patriotic patriarchs?

Politics:—A short time ago the men at the London Command Depôt had to sign cards stating their political constituencies, in order to claim their votes. Now they are warned that "any N.C.O. or man discussing politics will be severely dealt with." Why should these good men and true be penalised in this way?

Against Regulations:—An R.F.C. Mess meeting was held at the War Office on March 24th, 1917. Three Lieut.-Colonels, one Major, and three Captains sat, and as the official notification says, "After some discussion it was decided that all officers of the R.F.C. should pay one-third of a day's pay monthly to the Central Mess Fund," and the resolution was "certified true extract." But what about the men who never see the Mess?

About the Guards:—Is all well at the Guards' Camp at Caterham? We have reason to put the question, owing to some recent painful happenings, and hope it will reach the eye of the Brigadier-General. Patriotic motives induce us to hold our hand—or pen—for the time.

Very Curious:—We hear from a unit in the North that the laundry allowance is on ration strength. We note that last month 1,972 articles were charged for, and only 963 articles were sent to the laundry. The men ask us what becomes of the difference in the laundry money. We give it up. This is certainly a case for investigation.

"JACK."

A Good Time Coming:—A certain trawler of the Northern patrol sank a submarine and picked up prisoners last September. They expect a reward for their services, and are still expecting. Perhaps there is a good time coming.

Waiting! Waiting! Waiting!—We ask on behalf of the crew of the *Lottie Leask* why the allowance in respect of lost kit has not been paid. Surely two and a half years is long enough to wait?

When?—Once again we ask, when will the mine money be paid to the men of the mine-sweepers based at Troon? This, too, is a bit of a scandal.

Jack's Letters:—Two hours before the t.b.d. *Rob Roy* put to sea recently, the postman cleared the letter-box and placed the mails, as usual, in a bag for dispatch. Although the parent ship was only a couple of hundred yards away, the destroyer took the mails to sea with her—with the result that the friends of the bluejackets had to wait for their letters, and some of them for the money enclosed to keep the home fires burning. We hope this practice is not general.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of discharged sailors' and soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or official information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

A Bad Worst:—We have commented upon civilian employers who offer boys' wages to Silver Badgers because they have pensions. We have had a host of letters since, telling us that for the same reason the "Lloyd George" Insurance Act pension to which they are entitled is cut down by 50 per cent.!

Making Amends:—We are glad to hear from the Tramways Manager of the Walthamstow Urban District Council that in his present advertisement for men it is stated that ex-soldiers will have the preference.

Farmers' Boys:—The recent sitting of the East Kent Tribunal was like a Thanksgiving Day for farmers' boys who are slacking. A batch of twenty vigorous young fellows, from 18 to 22, are recorded in a lump as exempt till December, another bunch being free until October. Young farmers and splendid yeomen who have served since the beginning must view with scorn and indignation these stay-at-homes, whose work could well be handled by Badgers who have done their bit, and now seek outdoor employment.

Preference for a Pensioner:—A garage at Falmouth advertised for a man—"Long hours, light work. Pensioner preferred." We could see why a pensioner was preferred on learning that the wage offered was 25s. a week. The "light work" was to look after the garage, attend to telephone, clean cars, assist in repairing punctures, and carry petrol to and from the cars. The "long hours" were as promised, being from 8.0 a.m. to 9.30 p.m., "perhaps later," with one week-evening off, and one Sunday out of four. At least one pensioner preferred to cry off.

The Happy Barber: A big firm in Glasgow employs a large number of crane men, and recently a night shift was started in the works. Wanting an extra man, they employed an Italian hairdresser who runs a shop in the town, and who had to be initiated into the mysteries of cranes. His fellow workers complain that the firm should employ an alien who works double tides, at the cranes and in the shop, while so many discharged soldiers are about looking for work. We like the friendly alien, but our own flesh and blood naturally have the first call upon us.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Suspense:—Her husband has been missing for months, and the worry had so undermined a woman's health that she was unable to work and provide the extras of which her four children stood in need. She was, too, in such a despondent state that she feared her little ones would soon be motherless. Through our help she has been enabled to remove to the district in which her mother resides, thus having someone to help share her burden.

Crippled with Rheumatism:—After three years' illness, a discharged soldier is still under medical care, and in need of nourishment—the cost of which could not be met from his pension. He is on the way to recovery, and we helped to hasten the time when he will be able to stand on his feet again.

No Work, No Pay:—The wife of a discharged Service man tells us that her husband is at present unable to work, and the family of four have to exist upon his pension of 10s. 3d. per week. The rent question was uppermost in her mind, and we relieved her anxiety on that score.

Her Share of Trouble:—A disabled ex-soldier, afflicted with consumption, has been awaiting admission to a sanatorium for a year, but when a vacancy occurred he was unable to pay the fare. His wife informs us that he has gone sadly short of food, as she has been unable to work through ill-health, and her son—their only help—has been called to the Colours. We enabled her to send the poor fellow away, and wish him recovery.

"Ready for the Workhouse":—A black outlook lies before a War widow, who has three children depending upon her, and cannot work to add to her pension as her eyesight is fast failing. She has serving a son, who is married, and therefore cannot contribute to her maintenance.

Further Cases Relieved:—

Two children under medical care; their mother eager to work, but cannot leave them unattended.

Invalid child; husband missing; money needed for a splint to prevent the child being crippled for life.

Discharged soldier, despondent because he is off work through trying sickness. Expenses to meet, for which help was asked.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"A Mother of Soldier Boys," 2s. 6d.; "Boys of the 9th R.B." (B.E.F.), £1; J. W. B., £1; "J'nnie," 2s. 6d.; "Lucky Jack," 5s.; "Good Luck," 2s.; Anon (Edinburgh), 5s.; "An Old Subscriber," 10s.; "Tommy's Mite," 1s.; Mrs. H. (Hereford), 10s.; Canteen Committee, H.M.S. *Astraea* (per R. A. S.), £6; "Forward," 5s.; E. L. (Accrington), 2s.; "A Competitor," 1s.; Weekly Collection, C.P.S., Woolwich Arsenal, £1; F. R. E. (Bournemouth), 5s.; "Target," 1s.; "Hicks," 1s.; W. M. (Balham Hill), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. D. F. H. B., 1s.; Staff of Oxford Picture House (Chesterfield), 17s.; C. M., 1s.; O. E. S. (B.E.F.), 1s. 6d.; "A Sailor's Wife," 2s. 6d.; "Taxi Driver 2572," 1s.; J. W. H., 10s.; W. A. W., 5s. 8d.; J. S. S., 6d.; A. P., 1s.; W. J. O. (Portsmouth), 2s. 6d.; C. W. P., 2s.; M. M. (Scarborough), 1s.; Ceylon Planters' One Day's Pay Fund, £2; Mrs. G. H. C. (York), 5s.; P. W. (Croydon), 10s.; "Kut's Eye," 1s.; A Few Instrument Repairers of the R.A.E. (Farnborough), 10s.; E. W. (Romford), 1s.; C. J. B., £1; "Minesweeper 2881" 2s. 6d.; "Red Dragon," £1; "A Durham Englishman," 2s. 6d.; "A Friend" (Leamington), 10s.; "Soldier's Wife and Children" (Harleston), 2s. 6d.; "Would-Be German-Interner," 10s.; A. B. (France), 1s.; "Compact," 10s.; Anon., 2s.; R. G. (Doncaster), 10s.; Miss A. B. (Paisley), 5s.; R. A. B. (Isleworth), 2s.; "A Few Nigerian Friends," £2 2s.; "Doctor," £1 7s. 6d.; H. O., 2s. 6d.; "The Idiot," 5s.; P. A. (Harrogate), 2s. 6d.; G. H. R. (Monkseaton), 5s.; F. H. and W. G. F., 10s.; "A Few Cinema Workers" (per J. P.), 5s. 6d.; Tobacco Canteen, H.M.Y. *Maid of Honour* (per A. W. H.), £2 7s. 11d.; Gaine Dept., V.E.O., Croydon (per F. B. T.), 15s.; Canteen, H.M.S. *Acacia* (per W. H. S.), £1; L.M.S. (Didsbury), 6d.; C. G., 6d.; M. Mel, 2s.; Mrs. W. A. (Belvedere), 10s.; "In Loving Memory of Len," 5s.; A. S. (Canning Town), 5s.; Mrs. W., 1s.; "Canadian Petty Officer," 2 dollars; Mrs. M. E. W., 2s. 6d.; "1/5th of 'Bullets' Prize,' 1s.; W., 2s. 6d.

Mrs. A. Gray, the winner of the First Prize in our 288th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £5.

SOLDIERS' COMFORTS FUND.

R. J. P. (Whitstable), 7s.; Anon., 6d.; L. C. (Maidenhead), 4½d.; J. P., 6d.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 92, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, OR LEGAL *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other inquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

A. V. F. (Waterford).—You are right. It was "distinctly unfortunate" that while we were expressing our candid opinion of the Pope's pusillanimity in refraining from reprobating the Huns' unspeakable infamies, "the Heir to the British Crown was paying His Holiness a friendly visit."

PTE. C. (Harefield Park).—So far as mere money goes, it may be cheaper for a people to have a President than a King. But there are other important considerations which make a constitutional monarchy like our own the best system of rule extant and the most truly democratic.

H. R. (Seacombe).—"I have repeatedly noticed how ready other papers are to pick your brains." Alas, we are afraid there is jealousy even in journalism. Most of our contemporaries are too small-minded and tainted with Party feeling to look at our circulation and love us.

"A REGULAR READER."—National Schoolmistresses who evince a pro-German tendency and speak disparagingly of the British to their pupils should be waited upon by a deputation of irate parents and brought to their senses in the good old-fashioned way.

O. G. L. (Brondesbury Park).—"Can you kindly tell me what the Poet Laureate is doing for his money?" Judging by his long attack of silence, he is mugging up the rhyming dictionary.

G. G. (Southampton).—Your Bottomley acrostic deserves a tomato. "He Orderly Renounces All The Imposing Ones By Openly Telling Them Off. Many Liars Exposed Yearly."

J. K. (Limehouse).—"Tired, and done up, but will stick it while there's a bit of life left." Yes, you aren't *all* shirkers at Woolwich, are you?

A. M. ("Scotia").—"Your paper is the only one I find common sense in." Sir, spare our blushes.

W. W. (Brighton).—There can be no doubt whatever that, at the end of the war, God's will will be "done in earth as it is done in heaven."

"BARNEY" (R. C. Dragoons, France).—"Why in the name of Sam Hill don't you print your paper every day, instead of weekly?" Our hopes are yours for one of these fine days.

PTE. W. (France).—We must have answered the question scores of times. Mr. Lloyd George was born in Manchester in 1863; so he's a Lancashire lad, tha knaws.

"ABERTAWE."—The "No (Premature) Peace League" is waiting for serious peace overtures to appear.

A. H. D. (Sittingbourne).—Don't worry. Although born in Canada, you are as truly British as the home-made article.

A. E. P. (Fulham, S.W.).—At your age, instead of being mad to become an actor for the films, you should be keen to join the Army. That will provide you with all the "adventure" you want.

P. G. A. (Basingstoke).—No good telling us things you "cannot confirm." Takes a good man to sell us a pup.

"SOLDIER'S WIFE" (Stratford).—Glad you find us "a very good tonic." Lots better than "Government Controlled" stuff, eh?

J. S. (London, W.C.).—Mrs. Besant "has lent her marvellous energies" to rather too many organisations, if you ask us. A stirrer-up of strife in India while we are fighting beasts in Europe forfeits all claims to consideration and respect.

"BABS" (Wisbech).—The hen that hatches the egg is not always the mother of the chick. Unless it is one of her own laying, she is merely a noisy and animated incubator.

"CANTEEN MANAGER" (H.M.S. ——).—You may be a good canteen manager, but your poetry's s'orful!

"H.M.S. ——" (G.P.O., London).—Thanks for letter. The engineers and stokers of our auxiliary navy must be splendid fellows. We are too apt to forget their matchless services. God bless them in His keeping.

"LOVER OF ANIMALS," (Penmaenmaur).—The remark of Mr. Walter Winans about worn-out horses and bullfights was a caustic rebuke to brutes who work old horses to the last gasp. It is surprising that some people, missing the sarcasm, thought he meant it!

"MARY AND LIZZIE" (Hull).—"We are both on the shelf and never get taken down and dusted." You are not so dusty, sweet things, and we guess it would not be easy to take you down.

"A. NONNY MUSS" ("Nowhere In Particular.")—"You are as well known as I am, probably better." You are too modest. The A. Nonny Muss family is one of the best known on earth.

"STRANGER" (Paris).—Your handwriting betrays you as a lady; besides, it is obvious from your remarks that you're no gentleman.

LIEUT.-COL. A. McC. (Dublin).—Can't say where you could dispose of "two or three short poems of your own composition." Now if you have any meat to sell without coupons ——.

"IN THE KNOW" (London).—"It is a fact that at a certain wharf not far from Tooley Street the smell (of bacon) is so high one cannot get near it." The smell can't be higher than the price.

"TOWN CRIER" (Cardigan).—Sorry no room for local jokes. When we try to be funny, our aim is to make two million readers laugh at once.

"TRAINED NURSE" (Hyde Park).—There is no fear that we shall cease gas attacks on the Germhuns. The more they squeal on being compelled to take their own physic, the more they are likely to get of it.

C. K. (Portsmouth) considers our recent remark in this column that "A good Jew is to be preferred to a bad Christain" is "a great insult to the Jewish people." Ought we to have said that a good Jew is *not* to be preferred to a bad Christain? If so, we won't.

"A READER" (Birmingham).—Whoever cooked that potato you sent us ought to have been made to eat it. Do you want it back, or had you done with it?

H. E. M. (London, W.C. 2).—You must have a kink in your thinking tackle if you object to firms buying German goods captured at sea and sold at the Naval Prize Sales. How else could Jack pocket his prize money?

MRS. W. S. (Bemerton).—"I can tell you anything you like to know." Then why trouble to ask us "if something could be done for cheaper food"? Ask yourself the question.

"A DIGGER."—"Please omit my name, as I am bashful." Far be it from us to bring the blush of modesty to the cheek of antipodean innocence, but it is news to us that they breed male blushers in New Zealand.

"NURSE" (Ipswich).—"Can you tell us why Society ladies, taking posts as housemaids in hospitals, have the audacity to appear in daily papers in nurse's costume?" Never mind. Get yourselves photographed as Brigadier-Generals for spite.

"CONSTANT READER" (Norfolk).—Afraid cannot tell you where your jam sugar has gone, except that we'll take our oath we haven't embezzled it.

G. H. (Lancaster).—When tram-men assist a woman whose husband is in Flanders, a Labour Councillor who objects ought to be ashamed of himself.

"A COOK" (Brighton).—"No matter how many hours domestic servants work, there is no extra pay, while all others get extra pay and highly commended." Yes, but some of the others get the O.B.E., which you *do* escape!

"WORRIED HOUSEWIFE" (Johnstone).—"Can I lift my food card from my registered grocer, as I am anything but pleased with him?" He has got you for better or worse, unless you can persuade Food Office to grant a divorce.

T. S. (London, W.).—Thanks. "Governments are like molasses in winter." Also often like vinegar in summer; they go sour.

"WORKING MAN" (Bath).—"I hate English people, although I'm an Englishman." What is the state of your heart towards the Germhuns?

"SOLDIER'S WIFE."—The way is hard; let us hope the road won't be long.

J. A. F. (Ashton-under-Lyne).—In spite of your arguments, we adhere to our views on "foreign missions." Got a bit of pluck, haven't we?

"BALLYBOGGAN" (Cork).—"All in Cork are not Sinn Feiners." Sure, and if we drew Cork we'd find plenty of good stuff.

H. J. C. (Tilbury).—We would as soon interfere between a man and his angry wife as between an irate inventor and the Admiralty.

V. M. (Brompton Road, S.W.).—"Is it not possible to stop the aliens from travelling about as they do?" Perhaps the best way of anchoring them would be to make them register for beer.

J. H. (Shildon).—"If the Bible has to be the foundation of religion, which of the following is right: Protestants Catholics, or the Mormons?" Mormonism is not a religion; it is a vice.

"THOSE WHO KNOW" (Birmingham).—Being shown your letter of indignation, our tame Barber remarked that "there wasn't no pleasing everybody, and them wot the cap fits could wear it The fack remained that 'undreds of flappers in Gov'ment orfices played at work and kep' better winnmen out."

H. T. (Peckham).—We duly forwarded you Mrs. M's receipt for the £2 you were good enough to send through us.

H. M. (Ilford).—"I cannot understand how this man, A. Webb, the second-hand piano dealer, knows that I have a piano." Perhaps he lives next door and has heard you play.

GNR. ED. WALES (Royal Marine Artillery, Neb Battery, c.o. Fleet Post Office, H.M.S. *Imperieuse*).—Glad that, after being a "Bullets" competitor for years, you have won the great Thousand Pound Prize. Can quite understand that you feel proud of your achievement. Good luck!

"ANO" (No. 4 Battery).—£43,000 subscribed to War Loan in one night in H.M. Theatre, Sydney—£60 a minute. Fine fellows, these Australians!

S. N. (Somewhere-in-France).—Dr. Stuart Holden, with whose slanders on British troops we have previously dealt, is a partner with Arthur Mee in the firm of Ananias and Co.

MASTER C. C. (Manchester).—"Enclosed are three jokes. I hope it will ensure me the prize allotted to joke-senders." No prize, sonny; especially none for boys who send other people's jokes.

"BULL-DOG RIP" (Ripon).—"The Beast of Berlin has given an order in four words—'Sink the British Fleet.'" And then he woke up.

A. B. (Chepstow).—Thanks for the 500 JOHN BULL Pen coupons, to be distributed amongst soldiers and sailors who desire J.B. pens, but have not the necessary coupons.

G. W. ("In the Field.")—"Your private troubles pack and grin, And voice the cry, 'We're out to win.'" Quite so. When we are upon the Spree, Oh how sad the Hun will be.

"WOUNDED AUSTRALIAN" (Epsom).—Nurses are undoubtedly a badly-paid, hard-worked class of women—of whose devotion we cannot say too much.

T. B. (Bedale).—It does not interest us in the least to know how you "became a Conscientious Objector," any more than if a lunatic wrote us explaining how he became insane.

J. H. (By Ballinling).—"You are clever learned and just. I am not given to flattery." Just as well you are not, or you might make us blush.

E. W. (Manor Park).—So you think that if you had an interview with us you could "make our hair stand up." If ever the comb should fail to act on it, you shall be sent for by telegram.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

OUR LEVER SELF-FILLING MODEL

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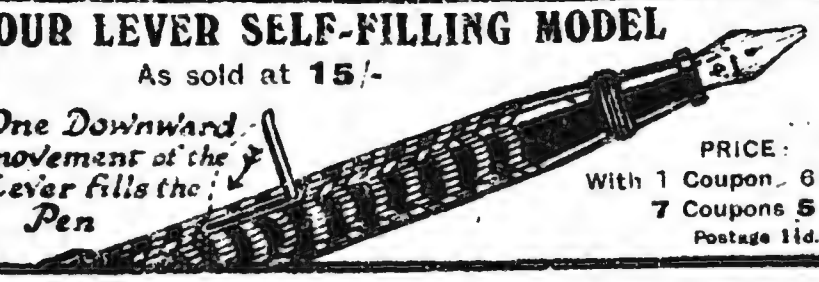

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N.B.—The directions given with each tube must be carefully followed.

A6

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Send for Free Copy of Sir Hiram Maxim's New Book and learn of a quick and easy Home Cure.

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Yellow English

Have you realised the growing danger from naturalised Germans men and women in our midst? "'Yellow' English," by Dorothea Fleiau, 6s. net, is a remarkable novel, but, apart from this, it is hoped that it will be read and circulated widely by all patriots in the interests of our national safety.

This novel will LIVE, *as will the term,*
"YELLOW" ENGLISH.

Be sure and read it to-day.

HUTCHINSON AND CO.,
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NUTRITION NOTES.

On using Milk to best advantage.

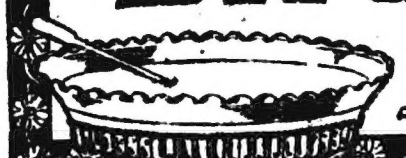
WE all study food problems nowadays and how best to use our food. That has caused us to investigate scientifically just why Bird's Custard is so much more nutritious than the pint of milk with which it is prepared.

We have learned that although milk is one of our very best natural foods, it gains no less than 25% in strength-giving, body-building nutriment when it is used to make Bird's Custard.

Everybody knows how rich, creamy, and delicious a Bird's Custard is. A leading scientist has proved that it possesses in carbo-hydrates and proteids very much more than is contained in an equal weight of milk alone. Therefore Bird's Custard is good for youngsters and good for grown-ups.

To help out the sugar ration, cook fruit and puddings without sugar. Serve with Bird's Custard, which if made with two good tablespoonfuls of sugar, is sufficient sweetening.

Bird's *Nutritious Custard*



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CHELLA-PHONE. Patent 112362. New Pocket Wind Instrument. Chromatic scale of three octaves. Played by same action of the lips as in whistling. Send them to our Soldiers and Sailors. Post free 1/1½ each, from the maker. R. FIELD, Lockwood Road, Huddersfield.

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Dutton's Shorthand is the simplest high-speed system in the world. There are only 6 rules and 20 characters to learn, and the complete theory can be acquired in 24 hours. That stage reached, practice only is necessary to gain a speed of 200 words per minute. Send stamp to-day for first lesson to Dutton's Business College, Room J, Skegness.

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All the luxury of an expensive bassinette —with the compactness of a light folding Go-Cart.

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Suitable for babies from one month upwards. Provide easy riding, sitting or reclining, with complete immunity from draughts.

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WHY PAY SHOP PRICES?

Newest patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home **IN PERFECTLY NEW CONDITION.** Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Price List (post free). I allow **DISCOUNT FOR CASH** or supply goods payable in Monthly Instalments. Established 28 years. **CHARLES RILEY, Desk 16, Moor Street, BIRMINGHAM.** Please mention "John Bull" when writing for Lists.

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YORKSHIRE PUDDING POWDER

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Public opinion states that in the making of batter, Hawley's Yorkshire Pudding Powder more than merely takes the place of eggs. Hawley's Yorkshire Pudding Powder is not a war-time expedient—it was made to improve on eggs, to produce lightness, and "better your batter." Buy a packet to-day, and prove its worth in your next "Yorkshire" or dish of Pancakes.

Ask for the 1½d. packet, which substitutes two eggs, and is sufficient for two Yorkshire Puddings.

Sole Manufacturers:
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Can't beat "TIZ" when Feet Hurt.

"Ah! Nothing like TIZ for sore, tired, puffed-up, perspiring feet, corns or chilblains."

"I can stand all day in complete comfort after using TIZ."

You can be happy-footed just like me. Use TIZ, and never suffer with tender, raw, burning, blistered, swollen, tired feet. TIZ and only TIZ takes the pain and soreness out of corns, hard skin, chilblains, bunions.

As soon as you put your feet in a TIZ bath you just feel the happiness soaking in. How good your poor old feet feel. They want to dance for joy. TIZ draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up your feet and cause sore, inflamed, aching, perspiring feet.

"Before using TIZ," writes Mr. F. Salmon, a Railway Goods Porter, of March, Cambs, "I was a great sufferer with my feet. My work seemed a burden to me, and none of the preparations I bought gave me relief. One box of TIZ made me feel like a new man, and my feet are now free from all aches and pains."

TIZ is a welcome addition to the soldier's parcel at the Front. Get a 1/3 box of TIZ at any chemist's or Stores.

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2ND Prize £20 — 'Bullets' 1ST Prize £200 — 3RD Prize £10

5 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £1	25 PRIZES OF 10/-	£200	200 PRIZES OF 5/-	1000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose one of the thirty-two examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you: Example:—No TROUBLE. Bullet:—TOO GREAT FOR TOMMY. Example:—FULL UP. Bullet:—PLEASES SEASIDE LANDLADY. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated July 27th. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated July 6th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 292.

READY TO STRIKE	ALIEN ENEMIES	IN SAFE KEEPING	AUSTRIA'S END
WHEN POSTMAN CALLS	SEEING STARS	NOTHING TO DO	OVERCROWDED
BRITISH WARM	BACKING A WINNER	LITTLE TROUBLES	WHAT FATHER WANTS
GERMAN CRAFT	AFTER ALL	A BAD MEMORY	OUR ARMY
MAKES WIFE CURIOUS	FOLLOWING FORM	RAGS AND TATTERS	TOP HOLE
HELPING THE ENEMY	HARDLY USED	OVERDRESSED	MUCH IN LITTLE
FULL UP	FIT FOR NOTHING	POOR PAY	IN A TOTTERING STATE
FAT JOB	A LONG FLIGHT	NO TROUBLE	THE KAISER'S HONOUR

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 11th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(292) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 11th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(292) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 292, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 293.

THE AMERICAN WAY	STANDARD SUITS	NOW AND THEN	TOMMY
ANY OLD THING	GOING ON	HAVING A SCRAP	SO LONG
FIT FOR SERVICE	RIGHT THERE	NOTHING LIKE LEATHER	WON'T ENTERTAIN
GERMANY WOULD LIKE	OVERDRAWN ACCOUNTS	AFTER THE BOYS	TAKEN IN
WHEN LOVE DEPARTS	NEEDS REDRESSING	ANNOYS FATHER	THE KAISER'S MISTAKE

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, JULY 18th.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **293** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets" **No. 293,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the thirty-two examples for Competition **292.**

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullets" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

List of 10s. Prize-winners in "Bullets" 289 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

Result of 289th "Bullets" Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £200:

Sapper W. T. CONN, R.E. Signals, No. 3 Coy., B Depot, Bedford.

Example:—HOLDING OUT.
Bullet:—"DAMNED" IF WE DON'T.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. T. LANCASTER, 13, Chapel St., Lamberhead Green, near Wigan.

Example:—UNCLE SAM'S BOYS.
Bullet:—COMING—AND "SMART" TOO.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. H. IVES, 4, New Street, Ch. Gresley, Derbys.

Example:—RADICALLY WRONG.
Bullet:—MEDICAL BOARD'S "CONSTITUTION."

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. M. HOPE, 82, Oxford Street, Whitley Bay, Northumberland:
ARMY BOOTS—"GREATNESS THRUST UPON US."

Rev. R. E. GAYE, Skeyton Rectory, Swanton Abbot, Norwich:
IRISH RECRUIT—UNUSUALLY "RAW" JUST NOW.

Mr. A. NEAL, 41, Belvedere Rd., Bexley Heath, Kent:
MAKING THINGS HOT—THE "GAS RING" LATELY.

Sgt. R. G. H. BRODRICK, 55, Queen Street, Exeter:
TOMMY'S HOME—"CONDITION" DEPENDS ON "STATE."

Mrs. D. SMITH, 62, Thirsk Road, Clapham Common, London, S.W.:
MAKING THINGS HOT—TOMMY'S "HOT AT IT."

Mr. P. CLARE, 42, Lower Byron Street, Liverpool Road, Manchester:
ARMY BOOTS—"WALK IN—SATISFACTION GUARANTEED."

Gnr. W. CHARLES, R.M.A., Neb Batt., H.M.S. "Impericuse," c.o. G.P.O.:
FATHER'S POCKET—NO "PEACE" WITHOUT "ANNEXATION."

Mr. F. FLUDE, "Heatherdene," Alfreton Road, Sutton-in-Ashfield:
HOLDING OUT—DEMANDS OUR "UNDIVIDED" ATTENTION.

Mr. H. HYMAN, 43, Aberystwith Street, East Moors, Cardiff:
RIGHT TO LIVE—KAISER THINKS "MISTAKEN KINDNESS."

Mr. J. F. WEATHERLEY, Wellington St., St. Ives, Hunts:
UNCLE SAM'S BOYS—FORWARD—"FOR THEIR AGE."

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Pte. G. H. VARLEY, D Coy., D.L.I., Westgate-on-Sea:
KNOWING SMILE—PROHIBITIONISTS TAKING NIPPER'S SIGNATURE.

Miss F. MYERS, 30, Risley Avenue, Bruce Grove, London:
HOLDING OUT—GOVERNMENT'S SUPPLY OF PROMISES.

Miss E. HALLETT, 52, London Road, Wembley, N.W.:
IN PARIS—KAISER'S LUCK "ALWAYS OUT."

Mr. A. CRAVEN, 11, St. Paul's Road, Withington, Manchester:
ARMY BOOTS—ONLY "ODDS" TOMMY FEARS.

Mr. A. H. SINCLAIR, Edward's Bazaar, Shrewsbury:
A LITTLE DEAR—NEUTRALS THINK GERMANY'S FRIENDSHIP.

Mr. J. H. FORD, 2, New Bank St., Hadfield, Manchester:
WANTS UNDERSTANDING—PEACE GERMANY GAVE RUSSIA.

Mr. D. HOME, 12, Garnet Ter., Mt. Florida, Glasgow:
MAKING THINGS HOT—NOVICE'S IDEA OF COOKING.

Mr. R. H. DAVIDSON, 366, Crown Street, Glasgow:
DOGS OF WAR—GERMANY, CANNOT MAKE AUSTRIANS.

Mr. C. H. MITCHELL, 52, Ennis Rd., Plumstead, S.E.:
OUR GALLANT AIRMEN—THINK WESTMINSTER "WINDIEST" PLACE.

Sgt. F. MELDRUM, Y. and L., Foston, near Derby:
UNCLE SAM'S BOYS—DELIVER WILSON'S NOTES PERSONALLY.

'JOHN BULL'S' GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, absolutely FREE OF CHARGE, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, or BLOCKADE.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next of kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles, and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child), who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 20 days of receiving injury from any of the events named	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To.....Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

July 6th, 1918

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM
Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent

of.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Home address.....

July 6th, 1918. .....

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is required.

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for patterns post free of Suits, Costumes, Coat Frocks, Robes, Raincoats, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc., or Catalogues of Watches and Jewellery, Workers' and Boys' Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Gramophones and Records, Lino, Carpets, Frams, Folding Cars, Cycles, Tyres, Tea and Dinner Services, Bedsteads and Bedding, Sewing Machines, Poultry Appliances, etc.

EASY _____ J. G. GRAVES, LTD. SHEFFIELD _____ TERMS

"WAVCURL" PROMOTES CURLY HAIR.

Have you ever thought how much a head of **Curly Hair** would improve your appearance? "**Wavcurl**" **imparts** beautiful permanent curls. One packet sufficient, however listless your hair is. One testimonial says: "*My hair soon became a mass of wavy curls.*" For either **Ladies or Gentlemen or Children.** This is what you have been looking for for years. Guaranteed harmless. Price 2/9 per packet, post free. For a short time, however, we are selling our special offer to all mentioning this advert. Send **1/6** for 2/9 packet. (2 for 5/6.)

THE NEW WAVCURL CO.,
FULWOOD HOUSE, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

Road Signs Interpreted—No. 4.—An Automobile Association and Motor Union Sign, marking the need for caution—although the L.G.B. red Triangle (indicating danger) is absent.

—Palmers are the best precaution against road dangers, fatigue, and "let-down." Their unique Fabric Foundation and tough rubber tread give DOUBLE the life of canvas lined tyres. Three of the several grades:—

	Wired	Beaded	Tubes
STANDARD	13/-	14/3	5/9
SPECIAL	18/-	19/-	8/-
Buccaneer	9/6	10/9	4/6

PALMER CYCLE TYRES

Send a P.C. for Map Book.

The Palmer Tyre, Ltd., 119/122, Shaftesbury Ave., W.C. Cycle Tyre & Repair Depot, 103, St. John St., Clerkenwell, E.C.

C4

I had a big balance left

MY wife and I had worked it out beforehand. We knew just what furniture we wanted, and exactly how much we were prepared to pay for it. At the Midland Salons the whole thing went without a hitch. They gave us £100.000 worth of really beautiful furniture to choose from. We found precisely what we required, and when the bill was made out, the whole cost was a long way under our estimate.

Money buys more at the 'Midland.'

You've only to compare the plainly marked 'Midland' prices with what you would be charged elsewhere for furniture of anything like the same quality. You will see for yourself that the 'Midland' price is the bargain price, every time. If you decide to pay cash, you get 10% discount. If you prefer to avail yourself of the 'Midland' Ideal Terms, you can furnish out of income, without paying a penny extra for credit, or interest, or deposit, or any extras whatsoever.

Rail Fares Paid

Customers' Fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders

packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Specimen of Handsome Dining-room Suite on Jacobean lines.

10% Discount for Cash and War Loan Scrip.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C. 1.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station,
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 6. **Saturdays—9 till 1.**

Governing Director, **GEORGE MICHAEL** *(who has been associated with the business for 40 years).*

Ideal Terms

(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Mth.
£10 ...	£0 5 6
£20 ...	0 11 0
£30 ...	0 16 6
£40 ...	1 2 0
£50 ...	1 7 6
£100 ...	2 15 0
£200 ...	5 10 0
£500 ...	13 15 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

Free Fire, Aircraft and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture** purchased on Ideal Terms is **insured against damage by Fire, Aircraft Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.**

IMPROVE YOUR HAIR AND KEEP IT "FIT."

OFFER OF 1,000,000 "HARLENE" HAIR-DRILL OUTFITS FREE TO READERS.

THE SECRET OF THE "ALWAYS SMART" APPEARANCE.

TO-DAY everyone—soldier, sailor, and civilian alike—desires a smart appearance, especially that well-groomed appearance of the hair for which our officers and men alike are world-famous. To-day such a gift is offered to all free, for you can obtain the wonderful four-fold "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit merely on making written application as directed below.

Already Harlene Hair-Drill has won a well-deserved popularity in the Navy, the Army, and the Civil Service, and also among War-Workers of every kind. Millions practise it daily—it is a toilet exercise, takes about two minutes a day to carry out—and ascribe their fine and well preserved hair even in war-time to its adoption. It is the secret of much of the "smartness"—what someone has called "the cold-tub appearance"—of the British soldier and sailor.

NO EXCUSE FOR UNHEALTHY, UNBEAUTIFUL HAIR.

If you have not hair that is healthy, radiant and luxuriant, hair that is free from unhealthy accumulations, hair that defies War-Time and Father Time, hair that glints and glistens in the sun, try "Harlene Hair-Drill" to-day, free of cost to you, except the small expenditure of 4d. on stamps to defray cost of postage and packing on your free "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit.

THIS GIFT PARCEL COMPRISES:

1. A bottle of the unrivalled hair food and hair tonic, "Harlene for the Hair."
2. A "Cremex" Shampoo powder to cleanse scalp and hair and prepare them both for "Harlene Hair-Drill."
3. A bottle of "Uzon," Brilliantine which gives the hair the sheen of softness and silk.
4. Book of Directions for the successful carrying out of Harlene Hair-Drill."

Even in the trenches our soldiers like to keep their hair "fit" by the "Drill." It is "up to you" at home to do the same, especially when you can do so at such a small outlay of time and trouble.

Healthy, radiant, abundant hair makes all the difference to woman's appearance (and man's, too), for that matter), and now you have the opportunity to try the "Harlene Hair-Drill" method of securing and maintaining hair health and beauty.

At this time when men and women are concentrated on war work, never has the great "Harlene Hair-Drill" exercise proved so universally triumphant. If you are worried as to your hair health, send for the Special Four-fold Gift offered you here.

NEW LIFE FOR YOUR HAIR.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" will banish and prevent the return of all hair-health defects, and you can prove this free, as so many others have already done. Make up your mind to accept this free offer at once—to-day. A little effort on your part will bring this four-fold gift to your address on payment of the cost of postage and packing (see coupon below).

MILLIONS PRACTISE "HAIR-DRILL."

Millions of men and women now practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" daily. They have tested and proved this unique preparation, "Harlene," and its agreeable method of application. "Hair-Drill" is the surest way to overcome all hair defects, and that it is also the easiest way to ensure the perfect growth of long, silky, beautiful hair in abundance, glossy and bright.

AFTER A FREE TRIAL.

You can always obtain further supplies of any of the preparations from your local chemist: "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle; Solidified "Harlene" for soldiers, sailors, travellers, etc., in tins, at 2s. 9d., with full directions; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. 1½d. per box of seven shampoos, single packets, 2d. each; "Uzon" Brilliantine, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle. If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, any or all of these preparations will be sent on receipt of 6d. extra for postage direct from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C. 1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed. Write to-day.

"HARLENE" GIFT COUPON.

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-fold Hair-growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this Coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

JOHN BULL, 6/7/18.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent (original purchase. All communications should be addressed to JOHN BULL, Advertisement Department, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

A Hundred Years Of Age.

Centenarian Credits Dr. Cassell's Tablets With Prolonging His Life.

Mr. Thomas James, 65, King Edward's Road, Birmingham, says:—"I want to tell you that Dr. Cassell's Tablets have done me a very great deal of good. In fact I believe they have been the means of prolonging my life. I have now attained the great age of one hundred years, and, apart from a little shakiness, feel very well. I used to suffer a lot with my nerves, and I slept very badly; but since taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets I am very much better. They have enabled me to sleep quite naturally and have made my nerves steady again. I am even able to follow, to some extent, my profession of architect, and I feel that is only right of me to testify to their worth."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the recognised modern home remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	Nervous Debility	Indigestion	Palpitation
Nerve Paralysis	Sleeplessness	Stomach Disorder	Premature Decay
Spinal Weakness	Anæmia	Mal-Nutrition	Loss of Flesh
Infantile Paralysis	Kidney Trouble	Wasting Diseases	Brain Fag

Specially suitable for Nursing Mothers, and during the Critical Periods of Life.

Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world.

Prices: **1s. 3d.** *and* **3s.**—*the* **3s.** *size being the more economical.*

FREE INFORMATION.—If you desire further information about Dr. Cassell's Tablets, write to us, describing your own case, and we will advise as to suitability. Address: DR. CASSELL'S CO., LTD., Chester Rd., Manchester.

Will YOU Employ A Disabled Man?

Stitch-Stitch-Stitch

Don't do it—look up all repairs and mend with

MEND-A-TEAR,

then there'll be no stitching needed!

Mend-a-Tear, remember, is that wonderful new material that is sold in two types—KHAKI and GENERAL—at 1/- per CARTON, and a Penny stamped and addressed envelope will bring you sample FREE!

LEICESTER RUBBER Co. Ld.

Makers of the renowned John Bull Cycle and Motor Cycle Tyres.

23, Granby Mills, LEICESTER.

There's never a tear you can't repair with Mend a Tear.

1328

BEACON will keep you dry always. Men's 15/-, Ladies' 22/6, Children's 12/-. Sou'-westers 2/6. Long Leggings 4/—all guaranteed against stickiness, leakage or dissatisfaction on money-back methods. Illustrated List Post Free. Send a Post-card now for this Booklet of "Weather Comfort" to BARBOUR'S, Ltd., 67, BEACON BUILDINGS, SOUTH SHIELDS.

Photo by Lousiana & Banfield

Joseph Coyne's HEADACHE REMOVER.

Shaftesbury Theatre, W.
Feb. 15th, 1918.

To The Daisy Co.
Dear Sirs,

I have learnt to rely on your "Daisy" Tablets for Headaches, for I have found them just the one certain remover I desired.

They are no quick in the action that one forgets headaches ever existed.

If an American admirer of British chemists can add his voice to your congratulations, let me do so.

You have my permission to publish this letter and also my photograph.

Yours sincerely,

Joseph Coyne

Mr. Joseph Coyne has a mint of humour particularly and peculiarly his own. Who can forget the theatrically historic association of Lily Elsie and Joseph Coyne in "The Merry Widow"?—for all feet in Great Britain then knew the real rhythm of waltz time.

Since then Joseph Coyne has more than justified his British welcome, for whenever he has appeared, his dry, whimsical humour, his lightness of toe, his irrepressible impromptu "asides" have naturalised him as mirth-provider-in-chief to the Metropolis.

But now and then Mr. Joseph Coyne suffers the penalty of artistic concentration in the unwelcome form of occasional headaches or twinges of neuralgia. Yet he willingly admits that a remarkable British specific immediately subdues these conditions, as witness the very sincere letter he has recently addressed to the proprietors of "Daisy" tablets.

Daisy Tablets are sold by Boots, Taylor's and Chemists everywhere at 1/3 per box, or direct (post free) from Daisy, Ltd. (Dept. T), Leeds.

DAISY

TABLETS

Cure Headache and Neuralgia.

TREATISE & SAMPLE FREE

If you would like to try them at our expense, send us your name and address on a postcard, and we will send you FREE a dainty box, along with a very interesting and scientific booklet on the cure of head and nerve pains of all kinds.

Write to-day to

DAISY, Ltd. (Dept. T), LEEDS.

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